

THE 2
INTERPRETATION
OF THE
Harwich DREAM.

IN A
LETTER
TO A
Reverend Member
OF THE
CONVOCATION.

By Don Pedro de la Verdad, the Famous Spanish Interpreter of Cardinal Portocarero's Dream on the Death of King Charles II, of Spain.

Gen. Chap. 41. Verse 13.

*Evenit enim ut sicut Interpretatus est nobis, ita
esset.*

L O N D O N: Printed for the Author Don Pedro de la Verdad, **MDCCCLIX.**

OF THE
DREAM

The Interpretation of the Harwich Dream

Reverend Sir,

TIS none of the least of the many Pleasures and Advantages which I have reapt by my Journey to *England*, which you know have not been few, as to be in *London*, when a Dream from *Harwich* amused much the Town, that nothing but that was for some days bawled about the Streets; nor came I into any Company, but where, according to their several Inclinations and Passions, they were making Ridiculous Conjectures of this Dream, and I could meet with none who guess right.

Sir, you know the good Success I had in interpreting the puzzling Dream at *Madrid* of the Cardinal Portocarrero, at the Death of my then Sovereign King. I have drawn the same Scheme for this Dream, which I hope I have unriddled, if not to the satisfaction of the Visioner, who dreamt it, yet I am sure to that of all honest *Britains*, that have the least value for their own Creature in the other Countries of *Europe*.

To begin then with the Dream, I tell you, That the People he first met, with their Fingers in their Ears, and their Eyes shut, are an unhappy set of People in *England*. Obstinate, and Ignorant of their own Happiness, under the most Glorious and Successful Reign, the mildest Government, and most careful Ministry that ever was, will be still Deaf and to their own Interest; paying double Taxes in the City, Groan under their Plenty, and run about, as the Dreamer says, like so many Mad men,



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their own Destruction, every one complaining of his
Neighbour, but none so much as attempting to put a
stop to the Mischiefs.

If those mistaken People could be carried in a Vision
to Stockholme, or Copenhagen; to Paris, or Madrid; to
Rome, or the dismal Scene of Flanders, and see and hear
the Miseries People suffer under mere Despotick Go-
vernments; how would they employ those Eyes, which
they now shut, in looking up to Heaven, to bless God,
for calling their Lot under so mild a Government.

But to go on with the Vision, the Dreamer says, To
increase the Distraction, there were running about a-
mongst them a great number of Men, with impudent
Faces, some of them shabby, others well drest, and
many with Coronets on their Heads. The Shabby,
Reverend Sir, are under the Spur-leathers of that Dis-
contented Party, at Country Elections, where the Vi-
sioner well observes they are chewing Sixpences. The
Genteel Persons, and those with the Coronets on their
Heads, are too plainly some of our Nobility, who, as
the Visioner says, by chewing of French *Lettres d'Or*,
have perverted their Judgments, and have writ on their
Skins the Characters of Lyars.

The Fellows that in the Vision follow these Lyars
with Bags of Sugar-plums, are *Dyer's Letter*, the *Rebearsal*,
and other scandalous Pamphlets, which are swallowed
readily, when they begin to open their Ears, as the
Visioner calls it, and by their Poysonous Contents, Ire
into their old Posture.

The Mayistrates, who had raised the Visioners hopes
by taking the Offenders to task, instead of that call'd
Bottles of Wine, and minded no more what was
said about them, shows plainly, Reverend Sir, the Su-
ppels of our Grand Juries, in not presenting at every
Quarter-Sessions, those under Spur-leathers of Faction,
from their several Counties.

This shows a very great Supineness in our Commissioners
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for Taxes, not to cure those deluded People of this Fever, by bleeding their Purfes; and great Neglect in our Higher Powers, to suffer these Sugar-plums of Faction to be cryed about our Streets every Day.

The Visioner was now got into prery good Company who plainly told him, that the main Design was to deliver up the Town and Country to the French, who lay but on the other side of the Water to receive the Prey and yet those People, who would neither see nor hear were amongst the chief Proprietors. His Companion very kindly led him into another Field, where the shew'd him two Hills, on which sat the Authors and Spring of the whole Disorder.

On the first Hill sat the French King in Golden Armour, the Figures on it were the several Provinces that had basely stoln from his Neighbours, as *Alsace*, *Artois*, *Luxemburg*, *Hainan*, &c. On his Shield he bore Judas Iscariot, not only as Invader of the Liberties and Properties of his own People, but the Betrayers of every Body else that trusted to him. Round the Shield, to make good the Device, were engraven the miserable People of *Messina* in *Sicily*, the misled King *James* of *Great Britain*, the Electors of *Bavaria* and *Cologne*, the mistaken Duke of *Mantua*, with Cardinal *Fustenberg*.

But on his Right Hand, says the Visioner, stood in Armour of Polish'd Steel, the Duke of *Marleborough*, rough, bright as the Sun, and glorious as the Day, his Countenance open and bold, and his Eyes flaming with Fire. He had on his Right Arm, says the Visioner, a heavy Cramp occasion'd by the relentless Malice and Misrepresentation of the impudent Crew of the Deaf and Blind; who forgetting, that as a second *Brutus*, he stood in the Gap of Oppression in the worst of Times, to save the sinking

ate, tho' in the greatest favour with the Oppres-
 sive and Master of greater Employments and Ad-
 vantages than he could expect by a Change, aban-
 don'd all for his Religion and Country.

That it's he that hath carried the Glory of the
English Armes further than any of our Kings did;
 that securing to us Rest and Plenty at Home, he
 undergoes the greatest Fatigues Abroad; blessed
 by all the Nations that are under the dread of him
 in Golden Armour, and owned by them all to be
 their Deliverer.

The Youth that rod down the Hill and charged
 the Robbers, is the Prince of Hannover. He in
 Golden Armour saluting him with Respect, mutter-
 ing something with a disordered Countenance, shews
 the Apprehension the French King has of the Suc-
 cession of that Family to the Crown of Great Bri-
 tain; that it will disappoint the Prey prepared for
 him by the Pensioners and under Spur-leathers, and
 may one day open the Eyes and Ears of the misle-
 d People.

On the other Hill sat the Holy Father Pope, with
 swarthy, peevish, and scornful Countenance, on a
 Round Ball on the Edge of a Precipice. His Pack of
 Cards in his left Hand is his Consistory who are always
 uffling and cutting. with sometimes the House of
 Austria, any sometimes with that of Bourbon tramp'd,
 and according to their Interest manage their Game.

His Benjuring Rod in his Right Hand, is the Im-
 pious Faith, Indulgences, and Falminations with
 which he governs the Ignorant Part of Mankind, un-
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der the *Jugle* of the Superiors of his several Orders and other Emissaries. Down this *His Hill*, says the *Visioner*, are many crooked Paths, some leading to the *Man in Golden Armour*, in order to carry on his Ambitious Designs, and many into poor Britain, which more than any thing, contributes to our Divisions.

The Town on Fire, on the North side, and the Robbers breaking in, was the Invasion of Scotland by the Pretender, which Design was hatch'd and carried on from this Hill, tho' put in execution by the *Man in Golden Armour* from the other Hill.

No Protestant Country in the whole World allow of any Popish Seminaries within or without their Dominion in England: England has 4 or 5 considerable English Colleges in Flanders, where above 500 English Students are bred up yearly in Principles destructive to their Civil and Ecclesiastical Constitution, and above a score of Nunneries, where the Beadnits of England have their Education, and returning to their several Countreys in England, contribute more than any thing to the debauching their Principles and keeping up the Divisions amongst them. But *Sir*, the *Visioner*, there passed by a set of grave Persons, on whom the *Inchanted Rod* had no Power, some in square Caps, others in Habits, and some in *Mind* second Persons of Quality; some in Gowns like our Judges, others like our Clergy Men; some dress'd like Gentlemen, and some few in long Cloaks and little Bands. They are plainly by their Descriptions, who never under their Hands put out Laws in the Hands of a dispensing Power as those influenced by a Conjuror in another Reign. Our Nobility and Gentry who stood firm for the Liberties of their Country in the late Reign took up Arms for them at the Revolution, and have opposed all Oppressive Bills in this Reign, who join'd with a learned pious Apostle, like moderate and charitable Clergy, procure everlasting Blessings to the inhabitants of the whole Isle; for these, as the *Visioner* says, were the true Friends of the Town, whose Virtue had preserv'd them from the Conjurors, Bowers, and *bad* Mercuries from about whispering Scandal, who can never stain them. The *Horseman in Golden Armour*, says the *Visioner*, smiled and bowed to allure them; but knowing their Constancy bit his Fingers for Rage, Ramp'd and curs'd them all. The Pope all held down his Head, crouching till they were out of sight.

The other Gentlemen of the same fair Appearances, who ran and embrac'd the greatest Miscreants, are but too plainly a Set of

Men

amongst us, many in the Habits of Clergymen, others in Coats, and others riding in Coaches, who, as the Visioner observes, seared up the misguided Peoples Ears with Wax, put out their Eyes with their unreasonable Complaints of a cruel Ministry; their unjust Censures of Taxes in so just and necessary a War, the misrepresenting the most unwearied Frugality and Improvement of the Publick Revenue that ever was; the weary Toils by Sea and Land of our General, and even the vicious Conduct of the best of Queens, who has done more to this Isle during her Administration, than History can Parallel in any of our longest and best of Reigns.

These the Lovers and promoters of Arbitrary Government, armed with the Power of making their fellow Creatures Slaves, the Visioner well observes, worshipped the Man in Golden Armour, run up the Hill to the Inchanter, kneeled down before him, craved his Blessing, came down again among the Crowd, encouraged every Disorder, and passed on murmuring and cursing those who went before and their Supporters. He the Visioner had more reason than ever to be astonish'd, as he says, to see Men of such Appearances, and so many of them in Clergymen's Habits, making of their Impious Feasts, and winking at the most enormous Crimes.

Now comes our Visioner to his last Scene, which represented to him the blessed Protector of our Happiness, with the Source and Fountain of all our Ills placed together. The first is the Genius Guardian Angel of our Isle, whose every look and every motion spoke Majesty, Goodness, Justice and Truth; sad and dejected was her present Posture, by reason of the power of the Factions and Divisions she occasions among us; yet none that looked away, as the Visioner says, but blest'd, and every Tongue praised this Appearance.

On her Right Hand sat the Fiend attending close on our Angel, to disturb our Happiness. She hath not had her Abode 30 Years on this Isle, yet of a fair our side and Countenance; and, as the Visioner well observes, her Eyes glaring like Lightning, blasted all she had Power over, with strange Diseases; out of her Nostrils issued a Sulphure of Smoke, and out of Mouth Flames of Fire. She attempted to Rule this Isle, but never could her footing in the darkest Times of Popery; but slyly slid in with the happy Restoration of the Royal Family in 1660. and hath been courted as an Angel, than dreaded as a Fiend, ever since. It was she that gave up all our Charters, with *Magna Charta*, in the reign of King Charles II.

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The Parchment and Wax, of which the Visioner says, hung her Garment, which was also stain'd with the Tears and Blood of the Thousands of People that her Persecution in that Re brought to be banished from *England*, and shor in *Scotland*, without any legal Tryal.

It was she that pulled up all the Fences of our Liberties and Religion, and left a Gap for Popery and Arbitrary Power, to come in under King *James*. It was she that sent then our Bishops to the Tower, brought the present Queen under the Necessity of going to *Nottingham*, and the Prince, the Dukes of *Ormond* and *Marlborough* opening their Eyes at *Salisbury*.

It was she that made all our Parliamentary Funds deficient in the Reign of King *William*, clogg'd the Wheels of that Prince's Government, impeach'd his Faithful Servants, and never ceased persecuting that Worthy Prince, till she brought him to his Grave.

It is she that hath been ever Restless in this best of Reigns, Glares about, as the Visioner observes, on her Votaries, till he has several possess'd with her.

Among those the Visioner observ'd a bulky Figure in white from the Altar, follow'd by many in like sort, and such Habit to a Banchanalia Crew. It's too true, that she delights to keep her Court in Cathedrals, and in every Parish has Votaries debauching the Innocent People with Names of Distinction, as High and Low Whig and Tory, and such like.

The Clergy call her Passive Obedience; the Nobility and Gentry, who are her Votaries, call her Non-resistance, and the Innocent Laity Implicit Faith.

But as the Visioner very well observes, was writ on her Forehead these Letters, *M. M. T. U.* When all these Evils shall be dissolved, then shall the Fury be burnt in Flames kindled by her Breath on the Parchments hung about her; all Inchantments shall cease; the Jugglers shall no more preserve the Conjuror from falling down the Precipice. The Horseman in Golden Armour shall no longer be able to encourage the Robbers. Every Body will then see and hear, the People shall rise with one Consent to pull down the Power she hath so notoriously Usurped, and with loudest Acclamations, blest the Angel, burn all Names of Distinction in the Flames with the Fury, and dispence benign Influence of Safety, Prosperity, Love and Riches to the whole Island. *Amen* and *Amen*.

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